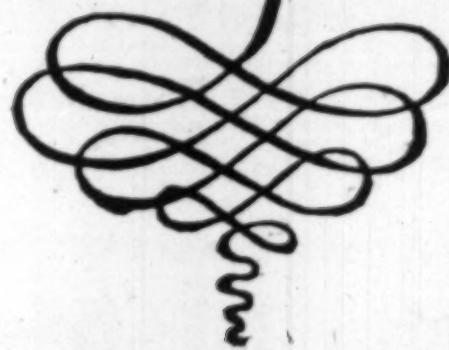


# THE Muses Gardin for Delights,



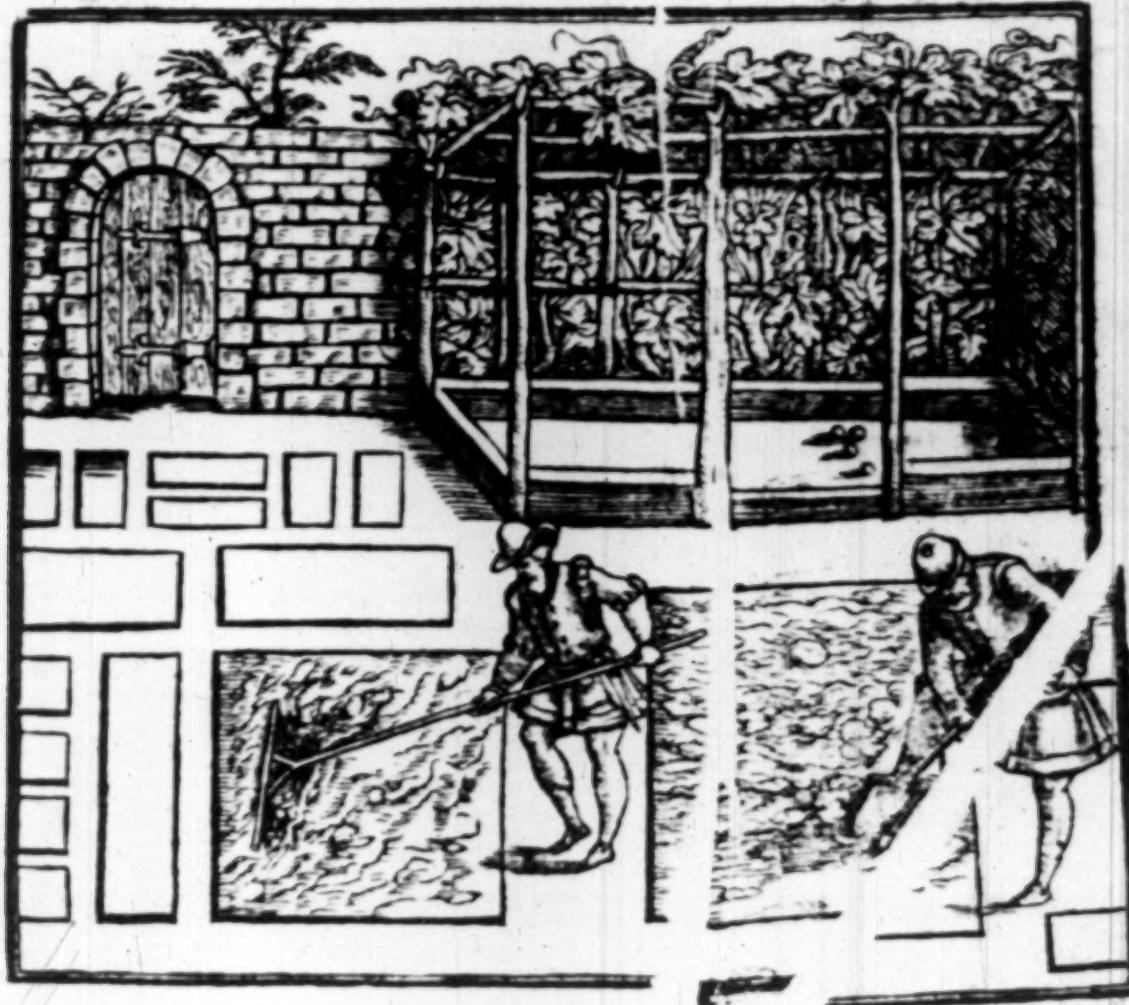
Or the fist Booke of Ayres, onely for the Lute, the  
Base-vyoll, and the Voyce.

---

Composed by ROBERT JONES:

*Quæ profunt singula, multa iuuant.*

---



LOND C

Printed by the Assignes of

William Barley. 1610.



TO THE TRVE HONOVRABLE,  
AND ESTEEMED WORTHIE, THE  
*RFGHT WORSHIPFVLL THE*  
*LADY VVROTH.*



Oft Honoured Lady , my eldest and first issue, hauing thriu'd so well vnder the protection of your Right Honourable Father , blame not this my yongest and last Babe , if it desirously seeke Sanctuarie with your selfe, as being a most worthy branch from so Noble and renownmed a stocke: It is hereditarie to your whole house, not onely to be truely Honourable in your selues, but to be the faourers and furtherers of all honest and vertuous endeuours in others. And that makes me so farre daring, as to presume to offer this Dedication to your faire acceptance; And howsoeuer my defects therein may happily (or rather vnhappily) be many: Yet am I most confident (and that growes from the worthinesse of your owne nature) that your Honourable minde will be pleased (since it casteth it selfe most humbly in your armes) to giue it willing entertainment, and to countenance it with the faire Liuerie of your noble Name , It may bee slighted in respect of its owne valew , but your faourable acceptance, will both grace it, and my selfe , as a poore Table hung vp, euен in Princes Gallories, not for the VWood, but for the Picture, And so (Noble Lady) not daring to bee iealous of your Honourable entertainement, I rest

*Your Ladyship deuoted in all dutie,*

ROBERT JONES.



To the friendly Censurers.



Eare friends, for so I call you, if you please to accept my good meaning, I presented you last with a Dreame, in which I doubt not, but your fantasies haue received some reasonable contentment, and now if you please to bee awaked out of that Dreame, I shall for your recreation and refreshing, guide you to the M V S E S G A R D E N, where you shall find such varietie of delights, that questionlesse you will willingly spend some time in the view thereof. In your first entrance into which Garden, you shall meeete with Loue, Loue, and nought but Loue, set foorth at large in his colours, by way of decyphering him in his nature. In the midst of it, you shall find Loue reiected, upon inconstancie and hard measure of ingratitude: Touching them that are louers, I leauet them to their owne censure in Loues description. And now for the end, it is variable in another maner, for the delight of the eare to satisfie opinion. I am not so arrogant to commend mine owne gifts, neither yet so degenerate, as to beg your tolleration. If these delights of Flowers, or varietie of Fruites, may any wyes be pleasing to your senses, I shall be glad. Otherwise I will vow neuer to set, sow, plant or graft, and my labours henceforth shall cease to trouble you, if you will needs mislike, I care not. I will preuent your censures, and defie your malice, if you despise me, I am resolute, if you vsē me with respect, I bid you most heartily

Farewell.

R. I.

## THE TABLE.

**L** Oue loue.  
Soft Cupid soft.  
Aze I the silly fish beguile.  
The fountaines smoake.  
Walking by the Riuier side.  
I cannot chuse but giue a smile.  
Joy in thy hopes.  
How many New yeeres haue growen olde.  
There was a shepheard that did liue.  
The Sea hath many thoufand sands.  
Once did my thoughts both ebbe and flow.  
I am so farre from pittyng thee.  
As I lay lately in a dreame.  
There was a willy ladde.  
My father faine would haue me take.  
My Loue hath her true Loue betraide.  
All my fence thy sweetenesse gained.  
To thee deafe Aspe with dying voice.  
Behold her lockes like wires of beaten Gold.  
Although the Wings of my desire be clipt.  
Might I redeeme mine errors with mine eyes.

1  
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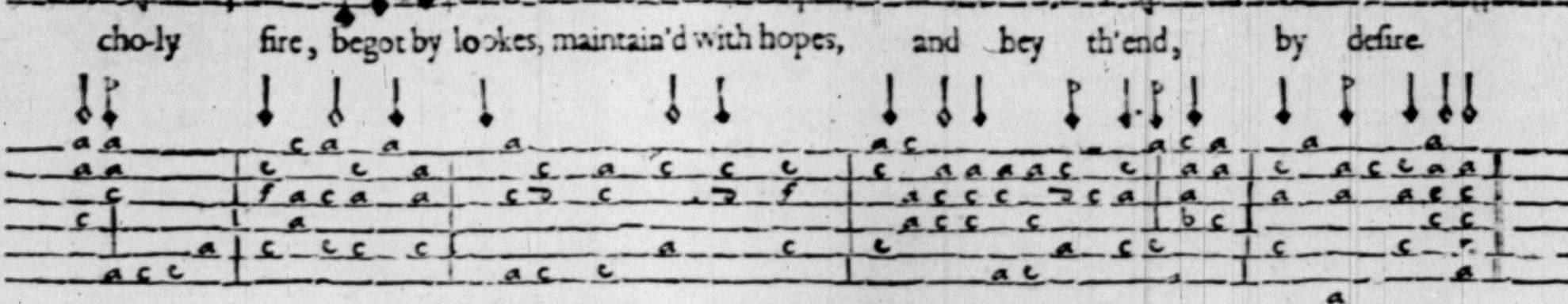
CANTVS.



I.

ROBERT JONES.

Oue Loue, ij. ij. Is a pretie, pretie, ij. ij. Frencie, a melan-



<sup>2</sup>  
Loue is a pretie Tyrant,  
By our affections armed,  
Take them away, none liveth this day,  
The Coward boy hath harmed.

<sup>3</sup>  
Loue is a pretie Idle,  
Opinion did devise him,  
His votaries is flouth and lies,  
The Robes that doe disguise him.

<sup>6</sup>  
Loue is a pretie nothing,  
Yet what a quoile it keepes,  
With thousand eyes of jealousies,  
Yet no one ever sleepes.

<sup>4</sup>  
Loue is a pretie Painter,  
And counterfeith passion,  
His shadow d lies makes fansties rise,  
To set beliefe in fashion.

<sup>5</sup>  
Loue is a pretie Pedler,  
Whose Packe is fraught with sorrowes,  
With doubts with feares, with sighs with teares,  
Some joyes, but those be borrowes.



Of Cupid.



BASS

CANTVS.



IL

ROBERT JONES.

Soft Cupid loft, ij. There is no haste, For all vnkindnesse gone and

past. Since thou wilt needs forlacke me so, let vs parte friendes, ij. be-fore thou goe



<sup>2</sup>  
Still shal thou haue my heart to rife,  
when I cannot otherwise chuse,  
My life thou mayst command saunce doubt,  
Command I say and goe with out.

<sup>3</sup>  
And if that I doe ever prome,  
False and unkind to gentle Lowe,  
Ile not desire to liue a day,  
Nor any longer then I may.

<sup>4</sup>  
Ile alwaye blesse the little God,  
But not without a smarting rod,  
Wilt thou still unkindly leav me,  
New Igray God all il goe with thee.



CANTVS.



III.

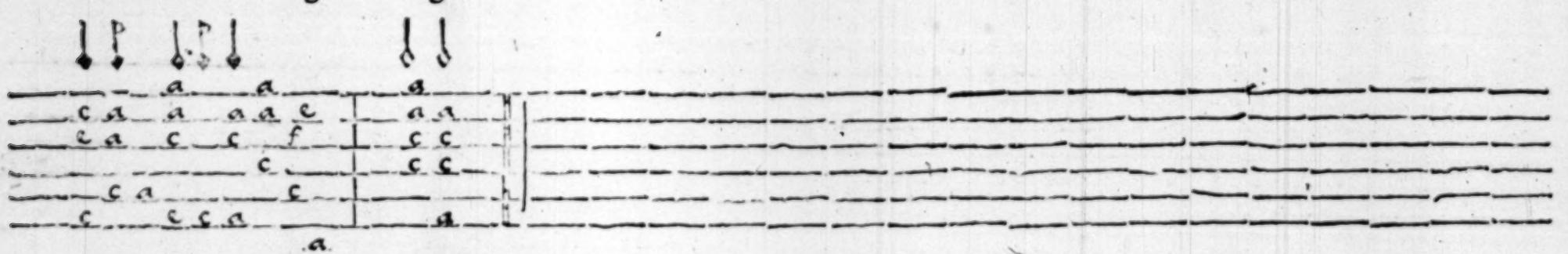
ROBERT JONES.



heart of joyes bereave, and Angels taketh mee, I still doe fish, yet am I caught, and taken am, ij.



their tak - ing taught.



2

The Riuier wherein I doe swimme,  
O, streames of hope is made,  
where ioyes as floweres dresse the brimme,  
And frownes doe make my shade.  
Whence smiles as sun-shine giues me heat,  
And shadow frownes from showeres beat.



3

Thus taken like an envious one,  
Who glads for others care,  
Since he him selfe must feele such mone,  
Delights, all, so should fare,  
And strive to make them know like smart,  
So make this to beare apart.



He fountaines smoake,



S A S S V B

C A N T V S .

III.

ROBERT JONES.



He fountaines smoake, And yet no flames they shewe, Starres shine all night

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) with tablature below. The vocal parts are written in a five-line staff with note heads and stems. The tablature consists of six horizontal lines with vertical strokes indicating fingerings or specific note heads. The vocal parts are labeled with 'P' (pitch) and 'a' (attack).



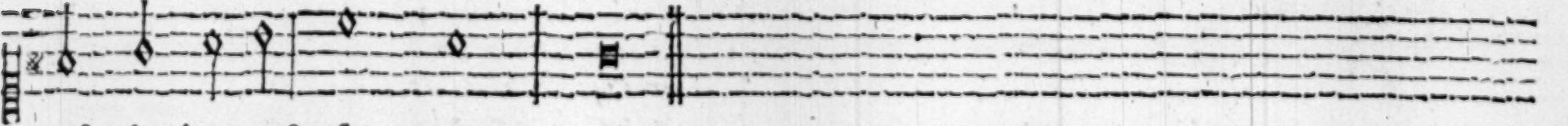
Though vndesern'd by day, and trees doe spring, yet are not scene to growe, And shadowes mooue, .ij.

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) with tablature below. The vocal parts are written in a five-line staff with note heads and stems. The tablature consists of six horizontal lines with vertical strokes indicating fingerings or specific note heads. The vocal parts are labeled with 'P' (pitch) and 'a' (attack).



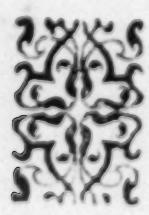
.ij. Although they seeme to stay in Win - ters woe, Is buried Summers blisse, and Loue loues

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) with tablature below. The vocal parts are written in a five-line staff with note heads and stems. The tablature consists of six horizontal lines with vertical strokes indicating fingerings or specific note heads. The vocal parts are labeled with 'P' (pitch) and 'a' (attack).



most, when loue most se - cret is.

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) with tablature below. The vocal parts are written in a five-line staff with note heads and stems. The tablature consists of six horizontal lines with vertical strokes indicating fingerings or specific note heads. The vocal parts are labeled with 'P' (pitch) and 'a' (attack).



The fillest streames descries the greatest deepe,  
The clearest skie is subiect to a shower,  
Conceit's most sweete, when as it feemeth to sleepe,  
And fairest dayes doe in the morning lover,  
The silent Groues sweete Nymphs they cannot misse,  
For loue loues most, where loue most secret is.

3 The rarest Jewels, hidden vertue yeeld,  
The sweete of traffique, is a secret game,  
They were once old cloth shew a barren field,  
And Plants seeme dead, and yet they spring againe,  
Cupid is blind, the reason why, is this,  
Loue loueth most, where loue most secret is.



Alking by.

SASSV&

CANTVS.



V.

ROBERT JONES.

Alking by a Riuerside, in prime of Summers morning, viewing Phœbus in his pride, the

siluer streames adorning, And passing on ij my selfe alone, Me thought I heard a wofull  
 grone.

<sup>2</sup>  
 Still I stood as one amaz'd,  
 To heare this wofull crying,  
 Round about me then I gaz'd,  
 In every Meddow prying.  
 Yet could I not this wight surprise,  
 Although the voice did pierce the skies.

<sup>3</sup>  
 Venus thou hast kild my heart,  
 And quite my soule confounded,  
 Thy sonne Cupid with his dart,  
 My vitall parts hath wounded,  
 Shoote home proud boy, and doe thy worf,  
 That shee may die that liues accurst.

<sup>4</sup>  
 Draw thy shaft unto the head,  
 And strongly it deliuier,  
 Draw that thou mayst strike her dead,  
 That liues a hopelesse Loner,  
 Let come blind boy to satisfie,  
 His mind that most desire to dies.

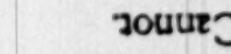


CANTVS.

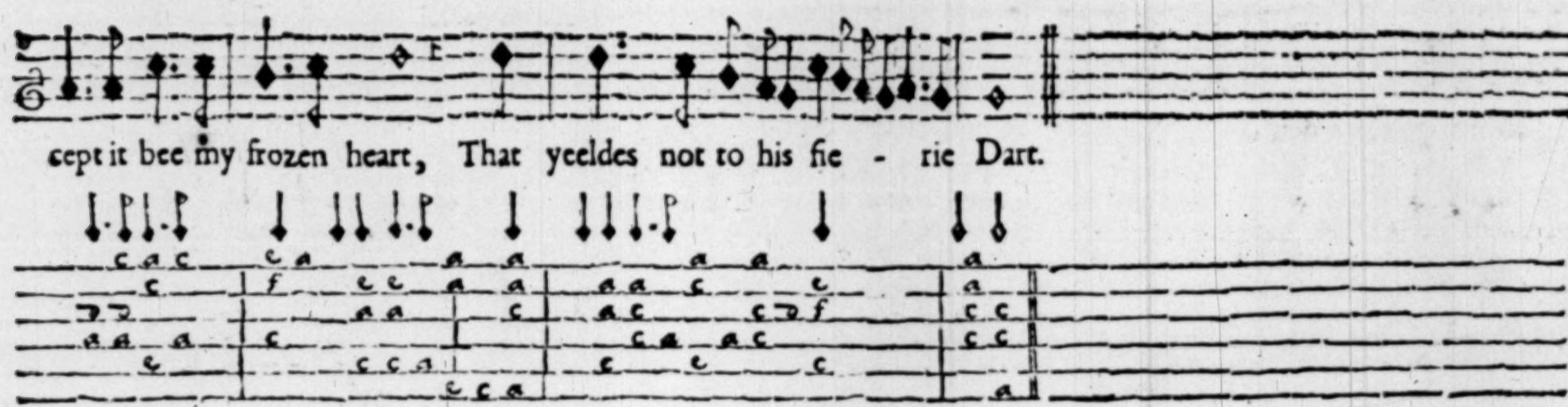


VI.

*ROBERT JONES,*



Cannot chuse but giue a smile, To see how Loue doeth all be- guile, Ex-



cept it bee my frozen heart, That yeeldes not to his fie - ric Dart.



*Belike I was Achillis like,  
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,  
My flesh it feares no push of pike,  
The speare agaynst me doth no good.*

3

Only my heele may Cupid hit,  
And yet I care not much for it,  
Because the hurt I cannot feele,  
Vnlesse my heart were in my heele.

## The Answer.

I cannot chuse but needes must smile,  
To see how Loue doth thee beguile,  
which did of purpose frieze thy heart,  
To thaw it to thy greater smart.

Suppose thou were Achillis like.  
Drencht in that fatall hardning flood,  
That might auarle gainst puflo pike,  
But gainst his dart i' will doe no good.

3

For if thy heele he doe but hit,  
His venom'd shaft will rancle it,  
The force whereof the heart must feele,  
Conuaide by Arteryes from thy heele.



CANTVS.



VII.

ROBERT JONES.

Oye in thy hope, the earnest of thy Loue,  
For so thou mayst En-

ioye thy hearts desire  
True hopes, things absent doe as present prooue, And keepe aliue,  
.ij. Loues still re-newing fire.



2

But of thy hope let silence be thy tongue,  
And secreſie the heart of louing fire,  
For hopes revealed may thy hopes prolong,  
Or cut them off in prime-time of desire.

3

Sweete are those hopes that doe them selues enioy,  
As vowed to them selues to liue and Dey,  
Sweete ſt those ioyes ana freest from annoy,  
That waken not the eye of iealousie.





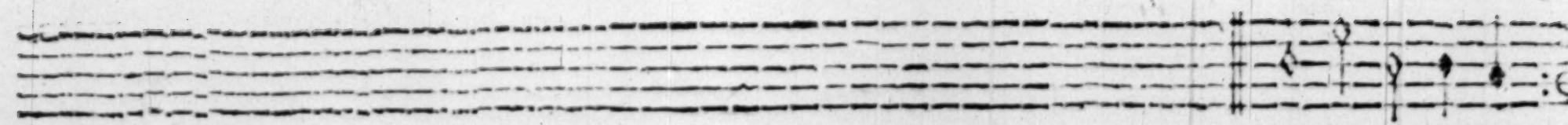
## LENVOT

### L'ENVOT.

Thy loue is not thy loue, if not thine owne,  
And so it is not, if it once be knowne.



Thy loue is not thy loue, if not thine owne, and so it is not, if it once bee knownen.



AUEN MO



SASSV 8

CANTVS.

VIII.

ROBERT JONES.



Ow many new yeres haue grow'n old, Since first your seruant old was  
new, How many long howeres haue I told, Since first my loue was vow'd to you, And yet a - las, .ij.

She doeth not know whether her seruant. loue or no.

She doeth not know whether her seruant. loue or no.



2  
How many wals as white as Snow,  
And windowes cleere as any glasse,  
Haue I coniur'd to tell you so,  
Which faithfully performed was,  
And yet you'll scarce you do not know,  
Whether your seruant loue or no.

3  
How often hath my pale leane face,  
With true Characters of my loue,  
Petitioned to you for grace,  
Whom neither sighs nor teares can move,  
O cruel yet doe you not know,  
Whether your seruant loue or no?



4  
And wanting oft a better token,  
I haue beene faine to send my heart,  
Which now your cold disdaine hath broken,  
Nor can you heale by any art,  
O looke upon't and you shal know,  
Whether your seruant loue or no.

Hecwaz

S A S V B

CANTVS.



IX.

ROBERT JONES.

Here was a Shepheard that did liue, And helde his thoughtes as hie.

As were the Mounts, whereon his flockes did hourelly feede him by. He from his youth, his tender

youth, which was vnapt to keepe, Or hopes, or feares, or loues, or cares, or thoughts but of histheepe

Did with his dogge as Shepheards ale,  
For Shepheards wanting wit,  
Doe se some sports, though foole sports,  
Yet sports for Shepheards fit,  
The bothe that (yet) was but a boy,  
And so deir's were hid,  
Did grow a man, and men must loue,  
And loue this Shepheard a iad.

He loued much, none can too much  
Loue one so high diuine,  
As bat her selfe, none but her selfe,  
So faire, so fresh, so fine,  
He vowed by his Shepheards weede,  
An Oath which Shepheards keepe,  
That he would o're Phylliday,  
Before a flocke of sheepes,

He Se hath.

*SASSV B*

CANTVS.



X.

ROBERT JONES.

He Sea hath many thousand lands, The Sunne hath motes as many, The skie is

full of starres, And loue as full of wots as an - ny , Believe me .ij. .ij. that doe knowe the

elfe, and make no tryall by thy selfe.

It is in trueth a prettie toye,  
For babes to play withall,  
But O the honies of ohr youth,  
Are of our ages gall,  
Selfe prooef in time will make thee know,  
He was a Prophet told thee so.

A Prophet that Cassandra like,  
Tells trueth without beliefe,  
For head-strong youth will runne his race,  
Although his Goale be grieve,  
Loues Martyr when his heate is past,  
Prooues cares Confessor at the last.



2  
It is in trueth a prettie toye,  
For babes to play withall,  
But O the honies of ohr youth,  
Are of our ages gall,  
Selfe prooef in time will make thee know,  
He was a Prophet told thee so.



3  
A Prophet that Cassandra like,  
Tells trueth without beliefe,  
For head-strong youth will runne his race,  
Although his Goale be grieve,  
Loues Martyr when his heate is past,  
Prooues cares Confessor at the last.

17

Nee did my.

BASS.

ANTVS.

XL

ROBERT JONES.



Nee did my thoughts both ebbe and flowe, As pa - ssi - on did them moove,

Once did I hope, .ij. straight feare againe, And then .ij. .ij. .ij. .ij. I was in loue.



<sup>2</sup>  
Once did I waking spend the night,  
And told how many minutes moove,  
Once did I wising waste the day,  
And then I was in loue.

<sup>3</sup>  
Once by my caruing true lones knot,  
The weeping trees did proue,  
That wounds and teares were both our lots,  
And then I was in loue.

<sup>4</sup>  
Once did I breath an others breath,  
And in my mistris moove,  
Once was I not mine owne at all,  
And then I was in loue.

<sup>5</sup>  
Once waare I braceless made of hayre,  
And collars did a proue,  
Once were my clothes made out of waxe,  
And then I was in loue.

<sup>6</sup>  
Once did I somet to my Saint,  
My soule in number mou'd,  
Once did I tell a thousand lies,  
And then in trueth I lou'd.

<sup>7</sup>  
Once in my eare did dangling hang,  
A little turtle Done,  
Once in a word I was a ffole,  
And then I was in loue.





Am so farre from pit - ty - ing thee, That wear'st a branch of VVil - low tree,

That I doe en - uie thee, and all, that once was high & got a fall, O willow willow willo, ij.

ij. O ij. Willo willo tree I would thou didst be - long to mee.

2  
Thy wearing willow doth imply,  
That thou art happier farre then I,  
For once thou wert where thou wouldest be,  
Though now thou wear'st the Willow tree,  
O willow willow sweete willow,  
Let me once lie upon her pillow.

3  
I doe defie both bough and roote,  
And all the friends of hell to boote,  
One houre of Paradised roye,  
Mikes Purgatorie seeme a toye,  
O willow willow doe thy worst,  
Thou canst not make me more accurst.

4  
I haue spent all my golden time,  
In writing many a lousing ryme,  
I haue consumed all my youth,  
In voxing of my fash and truesh:  
O willow willow willow tree,  
Yet can I not beleueed bee.

5  
And now alas it is too late,  
Gray hayres the messenger offate,  
Bids me to set my heart at rest,  
For beautie loueth yong men best,  
O willow willo I must die,  
Thy seruants happier farre then I.

A handwritten musical score for the Basso part, page 19. The score consists of four systems of music, each with a bass clef and a common time signature. The notation uses vertical stems with dots to indicate pitch and duration. The first system begins with a whole note followed by a half note. The second system begins with a half note followed by a quarter note. The third system begins with a quarter note followed by an eighth note. The fourth system begins with an eighth note followed by a sixteenth note. The score is written on five-line staff paper.

Am lo forte

BASSO.

CANTVS.



XIII.

ROBERT JONES.

S I lay lately in a dreame, me thought I saw a wonderous thing, a woman

faire trans - for - med was into a Fidle, .ij. with - out a string, A Metamorphosis so

rare, as all most made mee wake for feare, O this is rare, yea verie verie rare, yea .ij. .ij.

A won - derous thing so faire a Fidle .ij. .ij. Didle, didle didle, .ij. .ij.

a fiddle didle, .ij. .ij. So faire a Fidle should want a string.

SASSVS

V



2  
Till honest neighbours dwelling nigh,  
Said they would all her wants supply,  
And said that they haue strings in store,  
For such a Fiddle and fortie more,  
For loue they beare unto the sport,  
Theyle make her fit for the consort.  
O this is rare,  
Yea, very rare.

3

Theyle send her first to some that can,  
Put in the peg, and peg her than,  
If that her bridge be broken so,  
As that the Fidle cannot go,  
Theyle soone devise some other way,  
To make her sound the round-delay.  
O this is rare,  
Yea, very rare.

4  
When they haue set her in the keye,  
You must not straine her strings so high,  
For feare the Fidle chance to crake,  
Nor let the strings be too too slacke,  
The Diapason is her sound,  
The lowest note is most profound.  
O this is rare,  
Yea, very rare.

5

But note a discord in Musick,  
To sound some Note without the pricke,  
And then for keeping of your moode,  
Sing three to one thats passing good,  
Of all the Notes in Gamuet scale,  
The Long is that which must not fail.  
O this is rare.  
Yea, very rare.





Here was a wylly.



S A S S V E

CANTVS.

XIIIIL

ROBERT JONES.



Here was a wylly ladde, met with a bonny lasse, much pretie sport they had, but I

wot not what it was, hee woed her for a kisse, She plainly said him no, I pray quoth he, nay nay quoth

Shee, nay, nay, quoth shee, I pray you let mee goe.

<sup>2</sup>  
Full many louely tearms did passe in merrie glee,  
He cold her in his armes, and daunc't her on his knee,  
And faine he would haue paide such debts as he did owe,  
I pray quoth he, nay nay quoth shee,  
I pray you let me goe.

<sup>4</sup>  
For Cupid hath an eye, to play a louers part,  
And swift his arrowes flic to leauell at the heart,  
Thy beautie was my bane, that brought me to his bowe,  
I pray quoth he, nay nay quoth shee,  
I pray you let me goe.

<sup>3</sup>  
Sweete be you not so nice to gratifie a friend,  
If kissing be a vice, my fute is at an end,  
Noe noe it is the rule, to learne a man to woe,  
I pray quoth he, nay nay quoth shee,  
I pray you let me goe.

<sup>5</sup>  
Good Sir alas you feede your fancie with conceit,  
Sweete sweet how shold we speede, if louers could not speake.  
I speake but what I w:sh, the spirit wils me so,  
I pray quoth he, nay nay quoth shee,  
I pray you let me goe.

<sup>6</sup>  
with that shee swore an Oath, and loth she was to breake it,  
And so to please them both, he gaue and shee did take it,  
There was no labour lost, true amitie to shew,  
Adew quoth he, nay, say quoth shee,  
Let's kisse before you goe.

Y father faine.

SASSVS

CANTVS.

XV.

ROBERT JONES.



Y father faine would haue mee take a man that hath a beard, my mother shee cries

out a - lacke, and makes mee much afraide, for - sooth I am not olde enough, nowe surely this is goodly stufte,

Faith let my mother marrie mee, or let some young man bu - rie mee.



2  
For I haue liu'd these fourteene yeeres,  
My mother knowes it well,  
what neede shee then to cast such feares,  
Can any body tell?

As though yong women doe not know,  
That custome will not let them wo,  
I would bee glad if I might chuse,  
But I were maade if I refuse.

3  
My mother bids me goe to Schoole,  
And learne to doe some good,  
T'were well if shee would let the foole,  
Come home and sucke a dugge,  
As if my father knew not yet,  
That maidens are for yong men fit,  
Give me my mind and let me wed,  
Or you shall quickly find me dead.

4  
How soone my mother hath forgot,  
That ever shee was yong,  
And how that shee denyed not,  
But sung another song,  
I must not speake what I doe thinke,  
When I am drie I may not drinke.  
Thongh her desire be now groven old,  
She must haue fier when shee is col'd.

5  
You see the mother loues the sonne,  
The father loues the maide,  
What would shee haue me be a Nun?  
I will not be delaide,  
I will not liue thys idle stille,  
My mother shall not haue her will,  
My father speaketh like a man,  
I will be married doe what shee can.



Y loue hath.

S A S V E

CANTVS.



XVI.

ROBERT JONES.

Y loue hath her true loue betraide, Why tis a fault that is to common

yet shall it not be e - ver saide, my faith depended on a woman, If shee did, .ij. .ij.

to prooue vn - true, I shall doe worse, .ij. to change for new.

She bath some vertues follow them,  
Take not example by her lightnesse,  
Be not amongst the vulgar men.  
Though she be clouded, keepe thy brightness:  
Perhaps her selfe in time may prooue,  
What tis to wrong a constant loue.

The many voxes giuen by my faire,  
Were none of hers: the wind did owe them,  
Then ware they breath, now are they ayre.  
Whence first they came, there she bestowes them.  
Then maruell not thou women alter,  
When all things turne to their first matter,



Li my fenc.



\*SASSV8

CANTVS.

XVII.

ROBERT JONES.



Ll my sense thy sweete - nesse gained, Thy faire hayre my heart enchain'd. Fa, la, la,  
My poore reason thy wordes moued, So that thee like like heauen I loued.

Music staff with vertical arrows pointing down to specific notes, and a grid of note heads below the staff:

c	a	ac	aa	ac	bc
ac	aa	cc	cc	cc	cc
a	fa	aa	cc	cc	cc
c	cc	ca	cc	cc	cc
c	cc	ca	cc	cc	cc

Music staff with vertical arrows pointing down to specific notes, and a grid of note heads below the staff:

a	ace	ac	cc	cc	cc
ad	f	cc	cc	cc	cc
d	cc	cc	cc	cc	cc
c	ace	cc	cc	cc	cc
a	cc	cc	cc	cc	cc

Music staff with vertical arrows pointing down to specific notes, and a grid of note heads below the staff:

cc	aa	cc	cc	cc	cc
aa	cc	cc	cc	cc	cc
a	cc	cc	cc	cc	cc
b	c	c	c	c	c
c	c	c	c	c	c

Music staff with vertical arrows pointing down to specific notes, and a grid of note heads below the staff:

a	a	a	cc	cc	cc
a	a	a	cc	cc	cc
a	a	a	cc	cc	cc

while to my minde the out - side stooode, for messenger of inward good.

Music staff with vertical arrows pointing down to specific notes, and a grid of note heads below the staff:

c	cc	cc	cc	cc	cc
a	cc	cc	cc	cc	cc
a	cc	cc	cc	cc	cc
a	cc	cc	cc	cc	cc

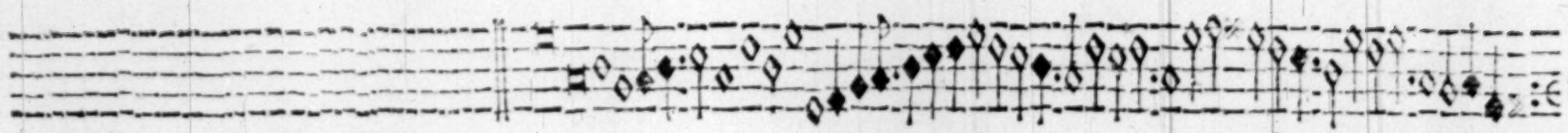
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Now thy sweetnesse sowe is deemed,  
Thy hayre not worth a hayre esteemed,  
While to my minde the outside stooode,  
Finding that, but words they proou'd,  
Fa, la, la,  
Dan, dan, dan.  
For no faire Signe can credit winne,  
If that the substance faile within.

No more in thy sweetnesse glorie,  
For thy kniting hayre be sorie,  
Use thy words but to bewaile thee,  
That no more thy beames anagle thee,  
Fa, la, la,  
Dan, dan, dan:  
Lay not thy colours more to viewe,  
Without the Picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas shee weepeth,  
Foole in me, wh it folly creepeth,  
Was I to blasphemie enraged,  
Wh gre my soule I haue engaged,  
Fa, la, la,  
Dan, dan, dan,  
And wretched I must yeeld to this  
The fault I blame her chastnesse.

Sweetnesse sweetely pardon folly,  
I've my hayre your captiu'e folly,  
Words O words of heauenly knowledge,  
Know my words their faults acknowledge,  
5  
Sweetnesse sweetely pardon folly,  
I've my hayre your captiu'e folly,  
Words O words of heauenly knowledge,  
Know my words their faults acknowledge,  
Fa, la, la,  
Dan, dan, dan,  
And all my life I will confess'e,  
The lesse I lose, I lose the lesse.



O the deafe Aspe



SASSV B

CANTVS.



XVIII.

ROBERT JONES.

O the deafe Aspe with dying voice,  
Sad - ly I Sing this heauie  
charme, that if thy heart doe ere reioyce, and set at nought my grieuous harme, this verse writ with a dead mans  
arme, may haunt thy sencelesse eyes and eares, may haunt thy sencelesse eyes and eares, turne  
ioyes to Cares, .ij. and hopes to feares.

and hopes to feares.

By thy Creators pietie,  
By her that brought thee to this light,  
By thy deare Nurses loue to thee,  
By Loue it selfe, Heauens, Day, and Night,  
By all that can thy sense delight,  
When I am cold, and wrapt in Lead,  
Remember oft thy seruant dead.

So shall my shadow thee attend,  
Like calmest breath of westerne wind,  
If not: with groves it shall ascend,  
Like Rauen, Owle, Beare, or hellish feind,  
Ratling the chaimes which doe it bind,  
And where thou art by silent night,  
It shall thy guilty soule affright.

Tet Sea-men tost with stormie Wind,  
Voide of all hope, resolu'd to die,  
From powerfull heauens oft mercie find,  
And so may I find grace with thee,  
No, no, thou canst not pitie me,

Aspes cannot heare, nor liue can I,  
Thou hearest not, unheard I die.





Ehold her locks.



S A S S V B

CANTVS.



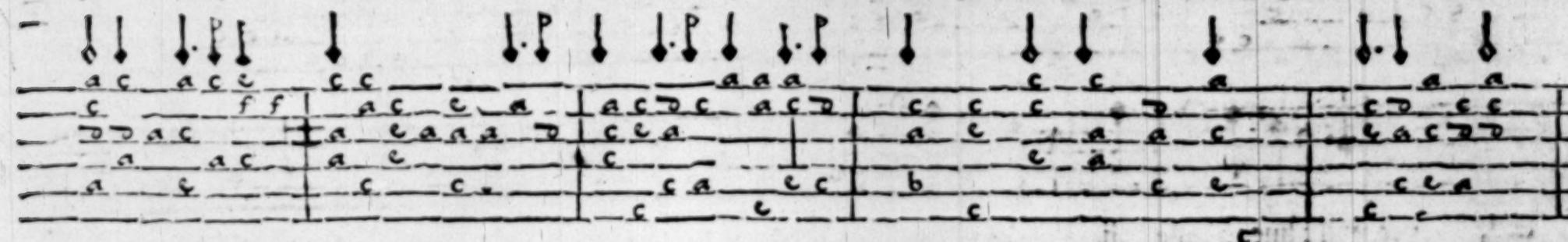
XIX.

ROBERT JONES.

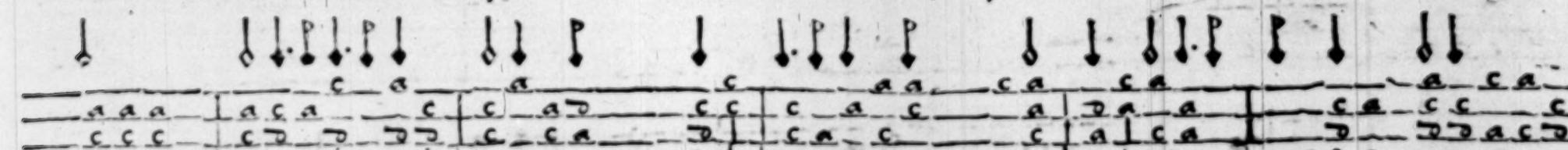
Ehold her locks like wyers of beaten gold, her eyes like stars that twinkle



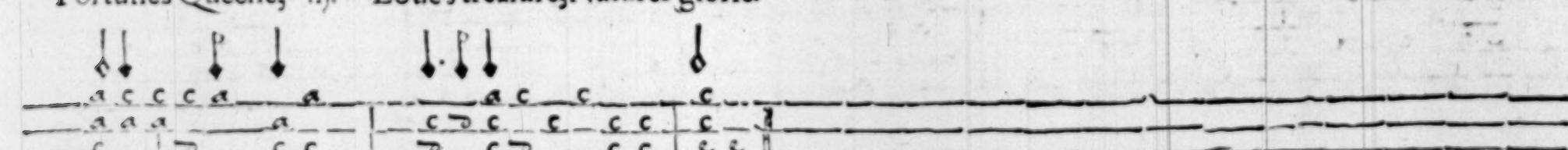
ij. ij. in the skie, Her heavenly face, her heauenly face, not fram'd of earthly mold, her



voice that sounds the heauens melody, the miracles of time, ij. of time, the worldes storie,



Fortunes Queene, ij. Loue's treasure, Natures glorie.



 No flattering hopes shee likes, blind Fortunes baite,  
Nor shiones of delight, fond fancies glasse,  
Nor charmes that doe enchant, false Arts deceipt;

 Nor fading ioyes, which time makes swiftly passe,  
Our chaste desires, which beateth all these downe,  
A Goddesse looke is worth a Monarches Crowne.



I thought the wings of my de-sires bee clipte, and my Loue thoughts,

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. The vocal parts are written in a tablature-like system where letters represent note heads and vertical strokes indicate pitch. The bass part is in a lower octave. The music consists of two staves, each ending with a fermata.

from moun-ting, from mounting lowlye boun-ded, though lie suspect my ioyes with

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. The vocal parts are written in a tablature-like system where letters represent note heads and vertical strokes indicate pitch. The bass part is in a lower octave. The music consists of two staves, each ending with a fermata.

fro't hath nipt, So as my hopes, ij. with feares, ij. we still sur-round-

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. The vocal parts are written in a tablature-like system where letters represent note heads and vertical strokes indicate pitch. The bass part is in a lower octave. The music consists of two staves, each ending with a fermata.

ded, yet will I liue to loue, ij. al-though through loue I die, and Cumbers still,

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. The vocal parts are written in a tablature-like system where letters represent note heads and vertical strokes indicate pitch. The bass part is in a lower octave. The music consists of two staves, each ending with a fermata.

ij. still do grow, and comforts from mee lie, No iea-lous thoughts, ij. shall force mee

Music score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. The vocal parts are written in a tablature-like system where letters represent note heads and vertical strokes indicate pitch. The bass part is in a lower octave. The music consists of two staves, each ending with a fermata.

Through the wvings.

SASSV

to re - tyre, but I will hope, .ij. .ij. to enjoye my hearts desire.

tablature:

c	c	c	a	c	a	c	a	b	c	b	c
c	c	c	a	c	a	c	a	c	c	c	c
c	c	c	a	c	a	c	a	c	c	c	c
c	c	c	a	c	a	c	a	c	c	c	c
c	c	c	a	c	a	c	a	c	c	c	c
c	c	c	a	c	a	c	a	c	c	c	c



Which likes to loue, and yet 'be same conceale,  
Remembrance chietly working my relievning,  
Though times of loue be short, yet will I steale  
Such times, to keepe my heart from further greining,  
Force may remoue my lookes, but not expell my toy,  
Though Cupid shal give curleſſe wounds, tis no annoy,  
Whilſt life endures, Ile loue though ſeeme to ſhunne  
That Port of rest, from whence my comforts come.





Iight I redeeme myne er - rours with mine eyes, and shed but for each feuerall

*M*

finne a teare, The summe to such a great ac - count should rise, that I shchuld never make .ij.

mine Au - dit cleare, The totall is too bigge to paye the score, I

am so rich, .ij. insinne, in teares so poore.

2.  
O wretched wealth that doth procure such want,  
Vnhappy soule to bee so rich in sin,  
The store wherof doth make all graces scant,  
And stops thy teares, ere they doe scarce begin,  
What once a famous Poet sung before,  
I finde too true my plenty makes me poore.

3.  
O might I prooue in this a prodigall,  
And bate my meanes by less'ning of my stocke,  
I shchould in grace grow great, in sinnes but small,  
If I could every day from forth the shooke  
But pull one care, O ten-times happy wint,  
When teares increase and sinnes doe grow more scant.

4.  
O that my God with such sweete strokes would strike,  
And by his grace so bank-rout mine estate,  
Thus growing poore in sinne I Lazar like,  
Might dayly beg for mercy at his gate,  
And craue (though not admittance to his feast)  
Some crums of grace to feede my soule at least.

legit recdmc

SASSV

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